DELL

APR.—JUNE 25c

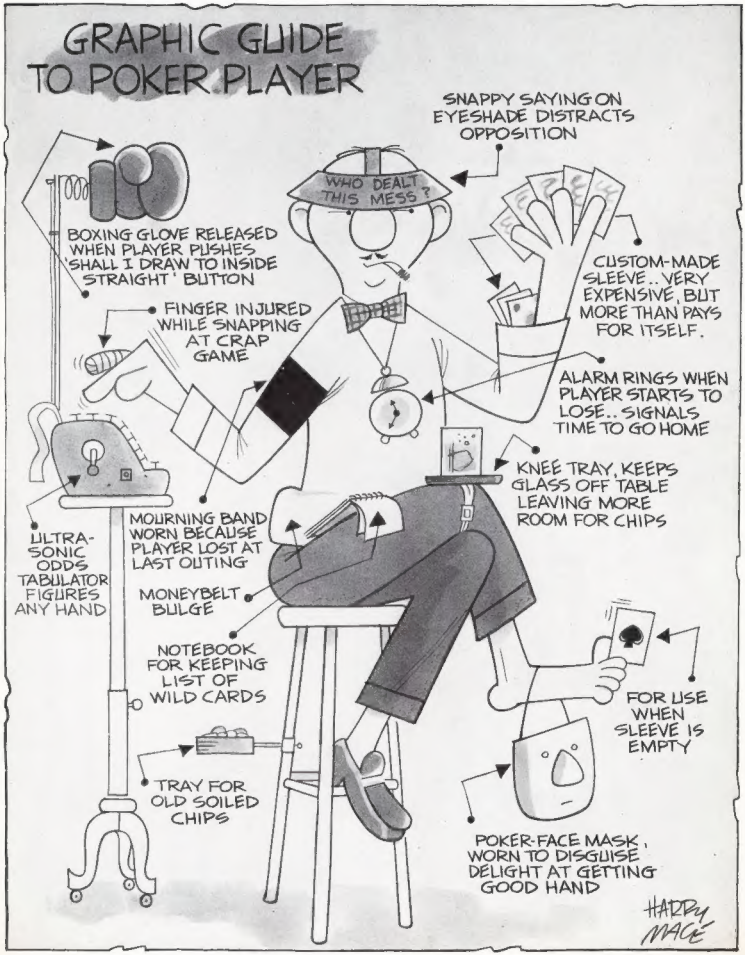
FOR Laughing OUT LOUD

LOVER TYPES

(FEMALE)

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THEM

see page 12


GRAPHIC GUIDE TO POKER PLAYER
SNAPPY SAYING ON EYESHADE DISTRACTS OPPOSITION
WHO DEALT THIS MESS ?
BOXING GLOVE RELEASED WHEN PLAYER PUSHES 'SHALL I DRAW TO INSIDE STRAIGHT' BUTTON
FINGER INJURED WHILE SNAPPING AT CRAP GAME
CUSTOM-MADE SLEEVE.. VERY EXPENSIVE, BUT MORE THAN PAYS FOR ITSELF.
ALARM RINGS WHEN PLAYER STARTS TO LOSE.. SIGNALS TIME TO GO HOME
KNEE TRAY, KEEPS GLASS OFF TABLE LEAVING MORE ROOM FOR CHIPS
ULTRA-SONIC ODDS TABULATOR FIGURES ANY HAND
MOURNING BAND WORN BECAUSE PLAYER LOST AT LAST OUTING
MONEYBELT BULGE
NOTEBOOK FOR KEEPING LIST OF WILD CARDS
FOR USE WHEN SLEEVE IS EMPTY
TRAY FOR OLD SOILED CHIPS
POKER-FACE MASK, WORN TO DISGUISE DELIGHT AT GETTING GOOD HAND
HARRY MACE

FOR Laughing OUT LOUD

BILL YATES, *editor*
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CARLYLE GIBLET, major poet of a decade. His magnificent twelve page epic poem, **Elmira,** was dedicated to, "The whole human race, past, present and future, with hopes that they will return the favor!" Carlyle has not been seen, except at major race tracks, for over three weeks. Where is he now?

R. D. J. WOLPER, off-Broadway producer of the fabulously successful plays about the beat generation: **Beatniks And More Beatniks** and **More And More Beatniks.** R. D. J. dropped from view when his play, **Like Wow!,** flopped dismally during the first twenty minutes of rehearsal. His last words for publication were, "The public certainly took its own sweet time catching on to me." R. D. J. (during his hey-day) was considered by many people, some comparative strangers, to be the most brilliant man in his immediate family. He often as not used his left jacket pocket for an ash tray. But what was R. D. J. Wolper really like? And where is he nowadays, anyways?

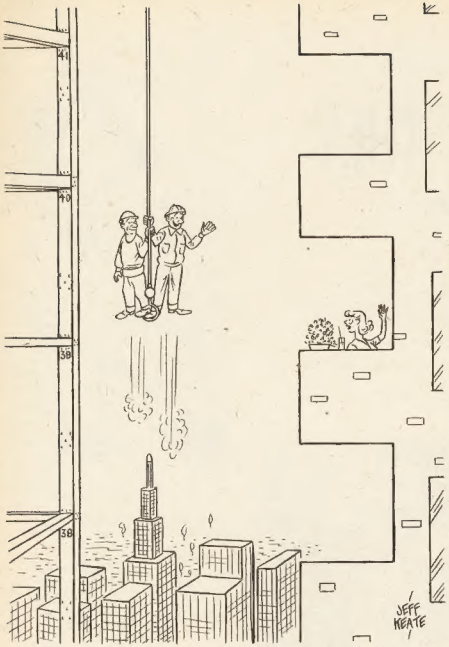
WHERE ARE THEY NOWADAYS?

Time all too soon forgets the headliners of yesteryear. These names were in the news and news was in these names only a few short years ago. Do you remember these men? Where are they nowadays? Anyhow?

THOMAS B. SISTERS, one of the footnoters of yesterday's news (note the left foot). Thomas B. was one of the four Sisters brothers who became moderately world renown as a tap dancing act during the silent era of radio. After his retirement from the show biz, Thomas B. worked as a part time brush holder for Olbap Ossacip, the internationally famous painter. All his leisure hours were spent trying to make friends with his older brother Elbert, a prominent connoisseur of sea-foods.

POOLEY WATERS, whilom bear and billionaire stock broker. The only male stock broker ever to have a tornado named after him. Pooley cornered the market in Derby hats, but there was no market for derby hats with corners and Pooley lost his shirt. When last heard from, Pooley Waters was driving a large trailer-truck loaded with high explosives.

CONGRESSMAN FARLEY BRIGHT. The fourteenth youngest man ever to hold this high office of trust and refinement. Farley advocated the nudnick revival in men's clothing styles, and coined the expression, "Traffic isn't the only thing that's thick in Washington!" When last heard from, three years ago, Farley Bright had taken a vow of silence.



"I'll say she's a doll. I'd like to ask her for a date if I could get up the nerve."

■ The circus strong man rode out on horseback to challenge a farmer whose great strength had gained him a reputation. The circus man tied his horse and saw the farmer.

"Hey!" he called. "I've heard a lot about you, and I thought I'd see which is the better man."

Without answering, the farmer seized the intruder, hurled him bodily over the fence into the road, and returned to his work.

When the loser had recovered his breath, the farmer growled, "Got anything else to say to me?"

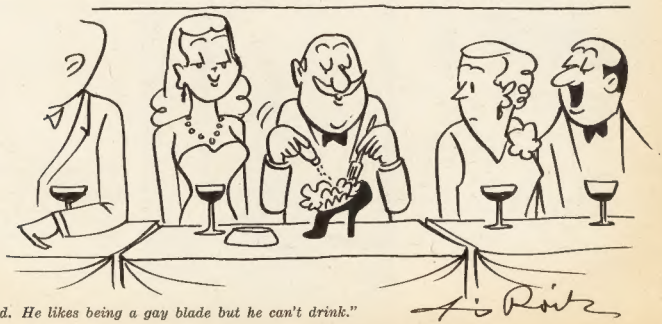
"No," the circus man panted, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."

■ **You learn more as you get older, but by then it's not important.**

■ Little Johnnie, being reprimanded by his teacher for being tardy for school, remonstrated with the following excuse:

"Ma woke Pa up in the middle of the night saying she heard something in the hen house. Pa, who sleeps in the raw, grabbed his loaded shotgun and ran out into the yard. Pa stood there, with his gun pointing at the chicken house waiting for something to come out when our old hound dog came up behind Pa with his cold nose . . . and we've been cleaning chickens since three o'clock this morning."

■ **Never trust your wife's judgment. Look who she married!**



"It's a salad. He likes being a gay blade but he can't drink."

"Wonderful orchestra, dear, although they could use a few more lights on the dance floor!"

"You're in psychiatry? Which end?"

SIGNS OF

The flight in all directions from Washington of politicians, speeches in hand, to all parts of the country to rouse support at the conventions. Going clockwise are **SENATORS HUMPHREY, KENNEDY, SYMINGTON, JOHNSON and VICE PRESIDENT NIXON.**

The flight north from the beaches of southern France to cooler fashionable climates. Here we see **ALY KAHN, ELSA MAXWELL, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR and KING FAROUK.**

SPRING by leo garel

when you sight these migrations you can be sure summer isn't far behind

The flight south of baseball stars to warm playing fields. In this covey we see **WARREN SPAHN, HOYT WILHELM, YOGI BERRA, HARVEY KUENN, MICKEY MANTLE and EDDIE MATHEWS.**

The flight of Hollywood stars going east to do TV shows and television stars flying west to make movies. Passing each other are **WALTER SLEZAK, DEAN MARTIN, RAY MILLAND, PAT BOONE, JOAN CRAWFORD and PHIL SILVERS.**

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Dear Dr. Crock:
My wife has developed an odd appetite, like she wants watermelon sandwiches in January. Also, all day she knits baby clothes. What do you think this means?
ANSWER: She's probably coming down with the mumps.

Dear Doc Crock:
I used to be able to drink a gallon of bourbon a day without any ill effects. Now a measly quart makes me giddy. What do you suggest?
ANSWER: Switch to rye.

Dear Dr. Crock:
I have developed a nervousness in my eyes. My eyeballs keep racing right to left, like a windshield wiper. What'll I do?
ANSWER: Snap your eyeballs with your forefinger. This will make them go from left to right.

Dear Doc Crock:
At Christmas time I used to play Santa Claus for my children and slide down the chimney with ease. Now I'm so fat, I can't squeeze into the chimney any more. Do you have a solution?
ANSWER: Get a wider chimney.

Dear Dr. Crock:
I smoke only three packages of cigarettes a day, but I'm beginning to develop a cough. Please suggest something.
ANSWER: Keep out of drafts.

Dear Doc Crock:
I'm so restless at night, I can't sleep worth a darn. Do you know of any remedy?
ANSWER: Turn on your radio real loud. This will waken your neighbors, and at least you'll have someone to talk to.

Dear Dr. Crock:
My family doctor tells me I ought to eat more fruit and vegetables, but I can't stand the sight of them. What can I do?
ANSWER: Let them ferment until they become alcoholic, then drink them. They're very palatable that way.

Dear Doc Crock:
My wife and I used to get along fine. Now I'm always so tense, cross and irritable, I'm forever snapping at her. Please help me.
ANSWER: Get a new wife.

—HAROLD WINERIP

1

2

3

4

"Mrs. Livingstone, I presume?'

"I like the cut of your jib, Johnson, so I'm promoting you. From now on you'll receive inter-office memos second from last."

■ **A lady entered a store and asked to be shown some linen napkins. After the clerk had shown her a stack of napkins, she said, "Haven't you something else, something really new?"**

Having heard that before, the salesman showed her another pile of napkins.

"These are the newest pattern," he said. "You will notice that the edge runs all around the border, and the center is in the middle."

"Dear me, yes. I'll take a dozen of those," exclaimed the delighted lady.

■ An efficiency expert walked into an office and asked the first clerk he met, "What do you do here?"

"Nothing," answered the clerk.

The efficiency expert nodded, made a note, then asked a second clerk, "And you, what is your job here?"

"I don't do anything either."

"Hm-m," said the efficiency expert, "duplication."

■ **Sophistication means the ability to do almost anything without feeling guilty.**

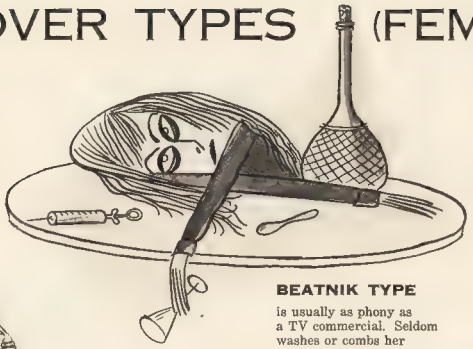
"She certainly knows how to take up a collection."

"I'm afraid Trimbley isn't executive material. We need men who can make quick decisions."

LOVER TYPES (FEMALES)

and how to recognize them

BY HERB GREEN



BEATNIK TYPE

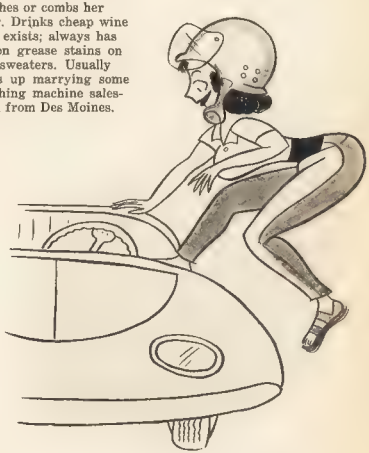
is usually as phony as a TV commercial. Seldom washes or combs her hair. Drinks cheap wine and exists; always has bacon grease stains on her sweaters. Usually ends up marrying some washing machine salesman from Des Moines.

INNOCENT TYPE

never is. Lives in a dream world. Has the uncomfortable knack of making you feel like a lecher in the first five minutes. Marry this type and you will really know what mother-in-law trouble is.

THE INTELLECTUAL

Made perfect grades in college chemistry. Buttons blouses clear to the top and has never missed a symposium on "what's wrong with the world." Has actually read "War and Peace." Grim type.



SPORTS CAR NUT

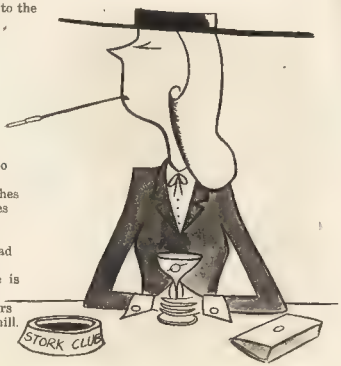
can look luscious with grease on her nose; can adjust a progressive linkage in two minutes, and, if you are lucky enough to own a Porsche Carrera, you simply can't miss. If nothing better happens at least you will have someone who will gladly help you wax your MG.

GOOD COOK

is more dangerous than all the sex kittens if you are over thirty. One sitting at her table and your goose is cooked, deliciously. If she has also won the Miss Miami title you have found something comparable to the Hope Diamond.

NAUTICAL TYPE

can get you drowned if you're not careful, likes a man who has a sure touch on the rudder. Can quote whole passages out of Knight's Seamanship and do four-point navigation in her head. If you own a boat play it cool and wait her out.



CAREER GIRL

is over compensating so don't let her kid you for a minute, she loathes it all. Smokes cigarettes until you can't see her t' rough the haze; wouldn't be caught dead at five without a Manhattan. This type is very independent for about the first two years and then it's all down hill.

ACTRESS-MODEL

type usually has more burning ambition than a third year law student. Would cut her grandmother's throat for a part on Broadway. Is very materialistic, which uncomplicates things if you are good at barter. This type always acts, so never believe any of it.

THE COURTESAN

has a better business sense than J.P. Morgan. She is incredibly beautiful and fits into the Stork Club like a brandy glass. Unless you are REALLY loaded forget her, as she is not what could be called "little league."

ARTISTIC TYPE

with talent can be unbearable. Say something nice about Braque, and wait, for this type loves to talk and talk and talk. Always smells of turpentine and oil paint.

BEACH BUNNY

wallows in sand, sun and surf. Represents the ultimate in glowing good health and looks magnificent without makeup. Her bikinis can make your brain boil over. To further complicate things, she knows her total effect betters the atom bomb.

ALL-AMERICAN GIRL TYPE

is the culmination of the best of all the others with very little of the bad. Is found on the arms of husbands in the super markets. Can be any shape and size, and usually is. This type proves that variety is the spice of something or other.

THE BLUE BEETLE

A Complete, Sinister Novel

Chapter 1

"The Blue Beetle!" exclaimed my friend Alfred Matham, steely-eyed private enquiry-agent.

"Yerce," agreed Chief-Inspector Beadle, somberly. "The bloomin' Blue Beetle!"

I leant forward; then:

"Careful, Woxley!" I heard. "That is a particularly dangerous species of oriental beetle. One pinch of his feelers and your finger would turn blue."

"Great heavens!" I cried. "What does it mean?"

"The Blue Beetle is the sign of the most fiendishly clever criminal in history," said Matham, speaking rapidly. "Single-handedly, with five other men, he held up an armored lorry carrying 5,000,000 pounds sterling, and got away with all four tyres. He was presumed to have perished in the explosion which occurred when his bitter rival, Horrible Harry, dropped a can of pressurized shaving-cream down his chimney."

"That's abaht it, sir," admitted the inspector. "But now 'e looks like being alive. 'Orrible 'Arry mucked it, I sh'd siy."

"What, exactly, do you want me to do?" queried Matham, tersely.

"Find aht if the Blue Beetle is still hoperating, sir!"

Chapter 2

"Me comee in?" said the Chinaman. "Me have notee!"

Three days had passed since I had last heard from Matham. I took the missive which the Oriental proffered and scanned its contents rapidly.

"I am locked in a cellar with my hands tied behind my back," (I read). *"For God's sake, come at once!*

Matham"

What could the cryptic message mean? Was Matham locked in a cellar? I decided to wait until the next day. Then, if Matham had not returned, I would take further steps.

"You will return with me?" purred the Oriental, sibilantly.

"No," I said. "Here's something for your trouble." I thrust a cigar coupon into the fellow's hand. The yellow lids drooped cunningly, I was assailed by a strange odor, like sliced bananas, and I knew no more.

Chapter 3

"Is that you, Matham?"

"Yes!" replied the masterful voice

With the aid of my electric torch, I saw that we were locked in a subterranean cellar with walls ten feet thick. One of the walls was moving slowly towards us. Casting the beam downward, I saw that there was three feet of water on the floor. As I watched, it rose to four feet.

"Have you a cork?" I asked Matham.

"No."

"Nor have I," I said. "But half a tick . . . there seems to be a chain of some sort here."

"Yes?" rapped Matham, tensely.

"Leading to a rubber plug about two feet in diameter."

"Pull the plug, Woxley!" instructed Matham.

We dropped through the opening thus revealed, whirled along a pipe and were dumped into the river.

"A narrow escape!" I gasped.

"True," assented Matham, coolly "But at least we have brought the case to a successful conclusion."

"We have?" I said, blankly.

"Yes," murmured Matham. "I have discovered beyond doubt that *the Blue Beetle is still operating!*"

—JOHN BAILEY

"I warn you, Felicia, if you have hysterics, I'll have hysterics!"

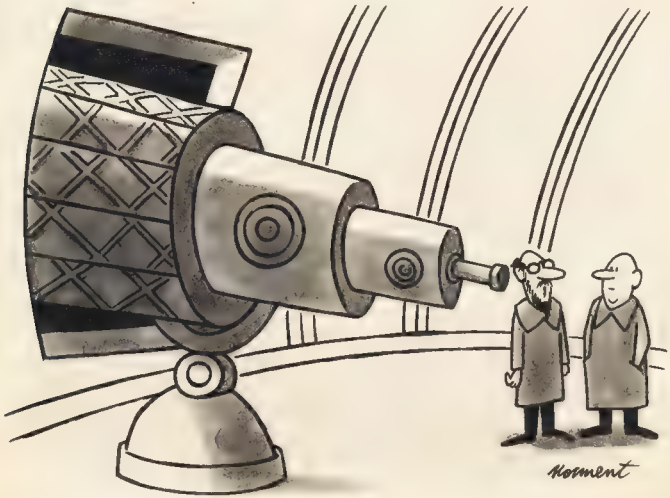
■ **A panhandler approached a pedestrian and said, "Give me a dime to buy a cup of coffee."**

Pedestrian: "But I gave you a dime 10 minutes ago."

Panhandler: "Stop living in the past."

■ In his cups one evening, a heavy drinker and his companion boarded a New York bus, and handed a quarter to the first man in uniform he saw. The man, definitely not amused, thundered, "Don't give this to me. I'm an admiral."

"Let's get out of this thing quick," the drinker urged his friend. "I don't know how it happened, but we've gotten on a battleship."



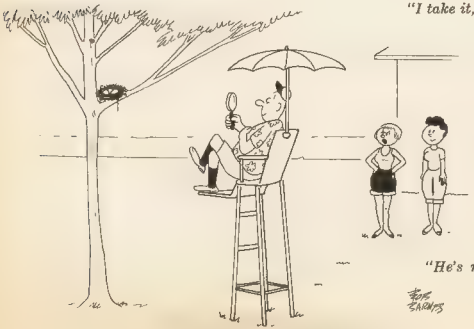
"Guess I need a vacation—I'm beginning to think of it as just the universe."

"I wonder what your father sent us?"

■ A thirsty gentleman entered a saloon with the peaceful intention of buying himself a beer, when he noticed that the bar was being tended by a horse. "Whassa matter?" he snarled or neighed as he deftly flicked the collar off the beer. "Ain't you never seen a horse before?"

"It's not that," the man assured him, "I just never thought that the cow would sell out."

"I take it, then, that you aren't going through with the fight."



"He's reached a new low in active sports— a 'bird's-egg-watcher!' "

UNUSUAL HOBBIES

EVERYBODY *should have a hobby and most people do, but the average hobby such as saving stamps, rare coins or old razor blades is not very exciting. This publication has made an exhaustive search for unusual hobbies which are presented on these pages. We encourage new hobbies. To persons sending us the most unique hobbies, we will send an autographed photo of our shipping clerk.*

SAMUEL CRUMPET'S hobby is transforming stately homes into old wrecks.

As a rule, it takes a great deal of patience to methodically rip a house apart slat by slat, but he is particularly proud of this job which was done in one evening. He rented a fine house to a college alumni association for a Christmas party. "It would have taken me weeks to have achieved such a fine example of craftsmanship," he said as he changed ice packs. He was one of the alumni.

DIANNE DRIBBLE found relaxation in her hobby of painting murals on silos and abandoned water tanks. She spent so much time admiring her work that now she can't straighten her head and has taken up the new hobby of watching bird migrations.

HYRAM BUBBLEGUM (above in purple socks) loved toy trains when a boy and always wanted to own the biggest and best. Every time a neighbor pal acquired a bigger engine, Hyram went him one better until it became a competitive hobby. This went on for years and now Hyram owns the largest toy engine in the world. He is seen here with some of his playmates who helped him to take the locomotive out of his father's cellar. His father had one of the biggest cellars during Prohibition.

SINCE CHILDHOOD, Dora Deepdish has been a collector of wheels of all kinds. She owns a big array and often said she would not give up her hobby until she got the wheel she wanted. Her patience was rewarded when she married Alonzo Tonic, a big wheel in the oil industry, the wheel she had been looking for. At left is Dora as she came out of the Stork Club while both the wheels and her head were spinning. At right is Dora with Alonzo, taken on their honeymoon, appropriately near Wheeling, W. Va.

"All we need is a small down payment. The finance company will squeeze the rest out of you."

"Yes, we do have something in your price range, but the hermit is still living in it."

"That's disgraceful!"

■ A refugee couple arrived in the United States several years ago with one dream—to become citizens. Thru much red tape and years of study, they were patient and hopeful. Then one day, the husband rushed into the kitchen with the long-awaited good news.

"Anna! Anna!" he shouted, "At last! We are Americans!"

"Fine," replied the wife, tying her apron around him. "Now you wash the dishes."

■ **We love the football season. Aside from its other blessings, it's the only time a fellow can walk down the street with a blanket on one arm and a girl on the other without having people ask so many damn fool questions.**

■ The thin, pale-looking young man was having a check-up from his physician. After the examination was completed the patient asked, "Well, Doctor, how do I stand?"

"Goodness knows," answered the doctor. "It's a miracle."

■ **The six-year-old had just received a detailed lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees, and simple biology. Papa leaned back at the end of the recital and said, "Now, if there is anything else you want to know don't hesitate to ask me, son."**

The boy pondered a minute, then gravely asked his father, "How come they put out the Saturday Evening Post on Wednesday?"

■ A woman went to her doctor to complain about her husband's delusion. "He thinks he's a washing machine, doctor," she said. "He rolls his head around and around, back and forth, and soap and hot water come out of his ears."

"A harmless delusion, I would say," answered the doctor. "I wouldn't worry about it, if I were you."

"But, Doctor," said the woman, "he isn't getting the sheets clean."

■ **Housework is something you do that nobody notices unless you don't do it.**

"No, there isn't anything you can do. Haven't you done enough already?"

"There, there, dear, he may change his mind about not wanting to go to college."

"We tried to make a go of it."

"Then, after he signs with the Yankees for a large bonus, and I retire . . ."

■ **One of the biggest troubles with success these days is that its recipe is about the same as that for a nervous breakdown.**

■ Back in the hill country two neighboring hill billies were arguing over the death of a cow. It seems she had strayed into the still belonging to one of them and had subsequently died after drinking a considerable amount of moonshine.

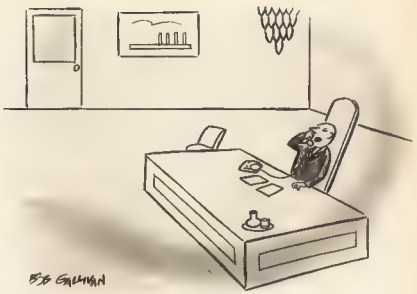
"It wasn't my likker what killed your cow—she come home to you giving egg nog and you milked her to death."

■ **"What's an ohm?"**
"An Englishman's castle."

■ Junk is something you keep for 10 years and then throw away two weeks before you need it.

■ **Prof.: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"**
Student: "No, sir; it was I. I'm taking it over again."
Prof. "Extraordinary resemblance though—extraordinary."

■ Nature is amazing! Who would have thought of growing a fly swatter at the end of a cow.



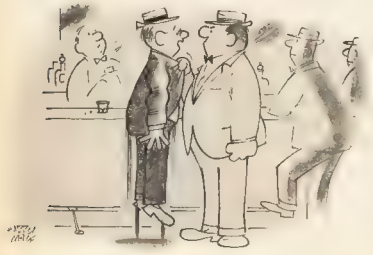
"Miss Hopkins, bring me a paper clip!"

"Henry's not much of a music lover."

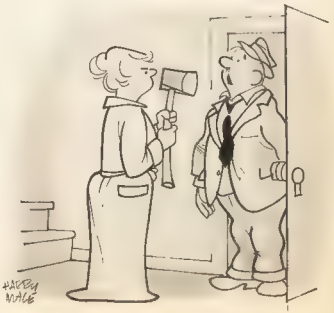
GOING THRU THE RYE

by Harry Mace

"Earl got it the year somebody spiked the punch at the P.T.A. Auction."



"You're right! I see your point more clearly from up here."

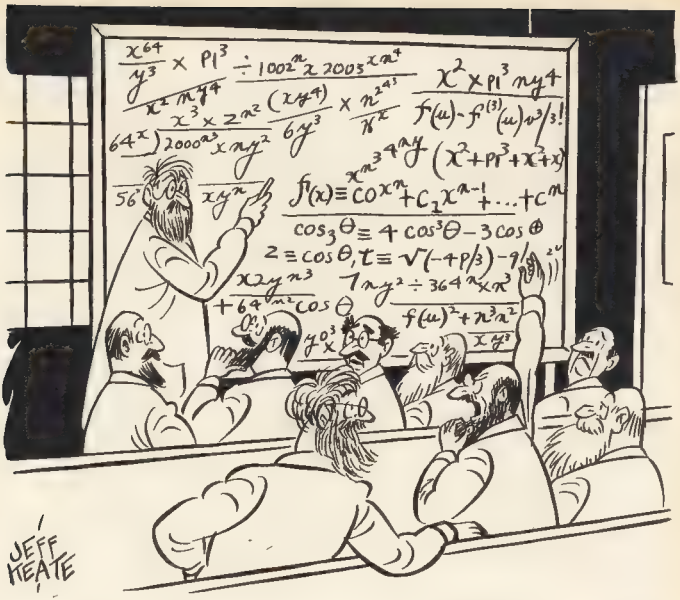


"You're peeved, aren't you?"

"The invitation read, 'Bring your own bottle,' didn't it . . . didn't it?"

"We were married shortly after they developed the H-bomb. At the time I figured what the hell, we'll all be wiped out in a few months anyway . . ."

"No, I don't happen to be a tenor!"



"Yes, I have a question, professor. Could you possibly keep that confounded chalk from squeaking?"

"Make sure you get my taffeta blouse home early."

■ **A man pays a luxury tax on a leather billfold, an income tax on the stuff he puts into it, and a sales tax when he takes the stuff out.**

■ The other day a man decided it was about time he had a serious talk with his teenage son concerning life.

A few minutes later he emerged from Junior's room, looking thoughtful and a bit shaken.

"Mary," he said to his wife hesitantly, "who is Brigitte Bardot?"

■ **Two psychiatrists were knocking a third. "That guy," sneered one, "is**

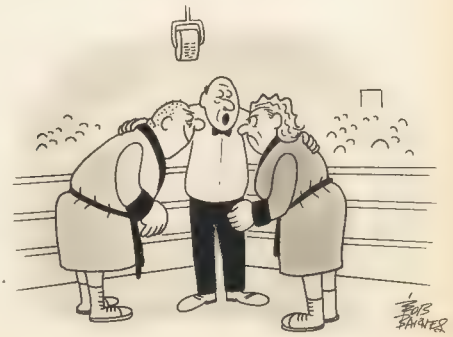
"That vague feeling of uneasiness just hit me again."

getting too big for his couch!"

■ Work faithfully eight hours a day and don't worry. Then, in time, you'll become the boss and work 12 hours a day and do all the worrying.

■ **Women used to dress to kill. Now they dress to torment.**

■ A film actor was disappointed at not being asked to make a speech on the occasion of his retirement from films. As he said to a friend, "What makes it worse is that I spent three hours in the makeup department having a lump put in my throat."

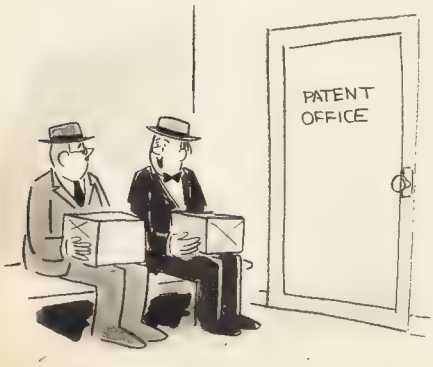


"Shake hands and come out acting."

"Jimmy!"

"It's a family car—my whole family has to work to meet the payments!"

"Now that you've decided to give me one more chance, Mr. Metcalf, how about a raise?"



"It's a machine that creates a job for a person who was replaced by a machine."

OH, MY ACHING PUSH BUTTON FINGER!

■ Phew! Have I put in a tough day! Sprayed the vegetable garden first of all. Used that new insecticide, Deth, that comes in an aerosol can. Looks as though it did a great job. Gave the dog a bath—sprayed him with a fluid that cleans his coat and knocks out fleas at the same time. Then sprayed the back porch with can of Any-Killer.

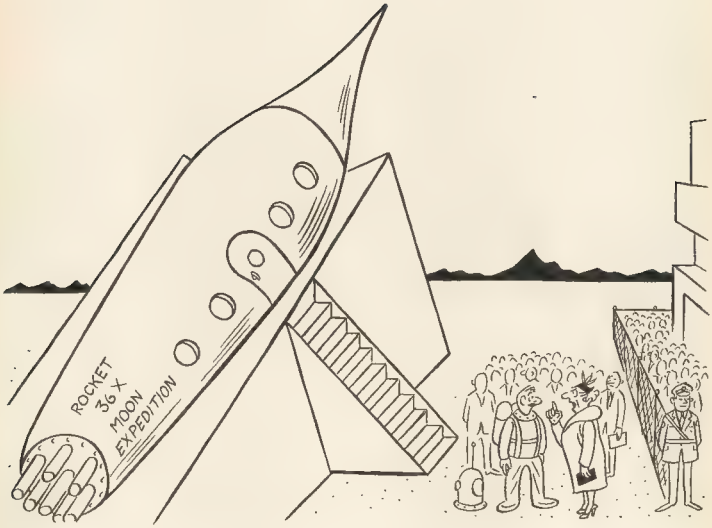
Wife complained I hadn't shaved, so sprayed shaving cream onto face, and then lopped off whiskers. Went down to kitchen, found she had baked cake. Sprayed icing onto it while she was busy spraying stuff onto her hair. Found squeeze bottle in ice box. Sprayed cheese dip onto some crackers, ate same. Decided to rest and read paper. Sprayed stuff onto my glasses to clean them properly.

Finished reading, got to work. Sprayed lacquer onto kitchen cabinet I'm making. Wife objected to smell, so I sprayed deodorizer around region where I had been working. Sprayed wax onto playroom floor, sprayed fire-proofing stuff on curtains, went outdoors sprayed dog-and-cat repellant on shrubbery.

Outdoor cookout in evening. Sprayed lighter fluid onto charcoal and got beautiful fire started. Sprayed tenderizer onto steak. Made French dressing, put it in squeeze bottle. Sprayed it onto salad afterwards—delicious. Sprayed patio with stuff to keep away mosquitoes.

Went to bed at quarter past nine, completely exhausted. A day like that takes it out of a fellow.

—PARKE CUMMINGS



"Now, mind you go straight to the moon, Ed, and don't go wandering off somewhere so I'll worry where you are!"

■ **Woman Lawyer—And your age is?**
Woman Witness—About the same as yours.

■ The telephone operator at a big advertising agency on Madison Avenue hasn't forgotten the friendly, chatty manner she acquired in her schooldays out in Kansas. The other day a client called her boss about one p.m. "He's out to lunch," reported the phone girl, "but I bet he'll be back soon. Nobody took him."

■ **"Don't be afraid of my dog," said the housewife to the youth who delivered her groceries. "You know the old proverb, 'A barking dog never bites.'"**

"Yes," returned the boy. "You know the proverb. I know the proverb. But does the dog know the proverb?"

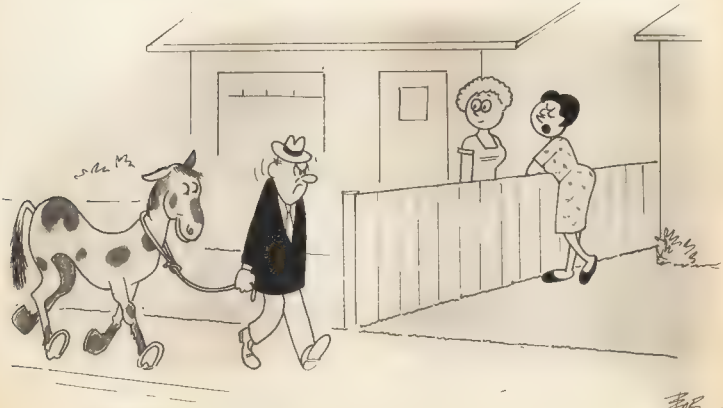
■ Patient: "I feel so bad that I often think of killing myself."

Doctor: "Now, now, you just leave that to us."

■ **A lot of unfavorable things about sex are being said, but nobody has ever advocated abolishing it.**

"My, but you're a lovely, well-balanced normal girl. Who's your psychiatrist?"

"Some guy tried to flirt with my wife—I took a poke at him and then my wife really opened up on me!"



"The last thing he said before he left to trade cars was, 'Don't worry, kid—I'm an old horse trader from way back!' "

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

A TV MUST

by A. S. Habbick

1. Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. In accordance with our new policy the producers would like me to make the following comments about our play.

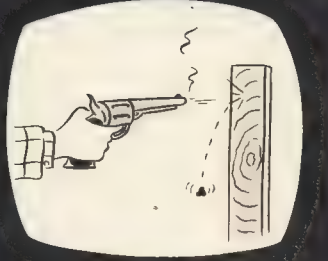
4. The entire play was shot in an indoor studio using props. The star cannot ride a real horse.

7. All Indians in the melodrama are unemployed bass singers playing the part of Indians because of their deep voices.

2. The story you are about to see is pure fiction and was written by Zane Black, a mediocre writer, born and still residing in the east who likes to write westerns.

3. Strate Forward, the hero, is bald and wears a toupee. He is actually fifty-two but portrays the part of a much younger man.

5. Dowdy Demon, the villain in the story is wearing a false beard and in reality is not at all like the character he portrays.



6. The bullets are made from wax and are harmless, even at close range.

8. The heroine is played by Miss Amy Purehart who in real life is rather flat chested and is wearing.

9. And now on with the story, which in all honesty isn't the best ever written but we sincerely hope that it gives you a few moments enjoyment.

"You not only don't get a loan, but you owe us $20 for checking your phony references."

"They say by 1975 the earth will be overcrowded. Will that affect us?"

■ **Employer: (to newly hired steno) "Now I hope you thoroughly understand the importance of punctuation?"**

Steno: "Oh yes, indeed. I always get to work on time."

■ Lawyer: "How's this? You've named six bankers in your will to be pallbearers. Of course it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms?"

Ailing Man: "No, judge, that's all right. Those fellows have carried me so long they might as well finish the job."

■ **"Doc, I just dropped in to tell you how much your treatments helped me."**

"But you are not my patient."

"I know, but my uncle was and I'm his heir."

"Why don't you fellows all come over to the church hall tonight. We're having a rumble of sorts."

"Just wait five seconds while I fix my face."

SOMEONE GET THE PHONE

Telephones make me ill at ease, I suppose because when I was young and a telephone rang it meant either that someone had passed away or someone was coming for a long, tiresome visit. People didn't call up in those days just to tell you they saw a crocus today.

In any event I have difficulty understanding on the telephone; and in making myself understood. This is the sort of thing that happens: I pick up the telephone and it stops ringing. I hear heavy breathing on the other end. After a while a woman speaks.

WOMAN: Hello?

ME: (cautiously) Hello.

WOMAN: Are you all right?

ME: (*very* cautiously) Who?

WOMAN: You sound faint. Who is this?

ME: Me. Who is *this*?

(I step a few feet to the left to put out a cigarette that was setting fire to a snake plant that needed water, causing my voice to apparently leave my body.)

WOMAN: (agitated) What happened?

ME: (baffled) To whom do you wish to speak, please?

WOMAN: Is this *you*?

ME: Yes. Who is *this*?

WOMAN: Hello? HELLO! (She waits and I wait. We are sort of feinting. We are testing each other's nerves. She breathes heavily.) HELLO! (I remain hushed, holding my breath and listening. To speak now might cost me a contribution to some worthy charity or the payment of an old, forgotten bill, or a visit from a girl who was the chubbiest in grade nine when I was the skinniest! After a while I smile slyly and touch the little black thing that disconnects me irrevocably from the woman who has disturbed me so. I hang up and go water the African violets.)

An hour later my wife comes home, upset. "I was so worried about you. Why didn't you talk to me on the phone?"

"I didn't know it was you. It could have been anyone."

The phone rings, my wife answers it and says "It's for you!" tartly.

"Let's see if you can be a big boy and answer it properly."

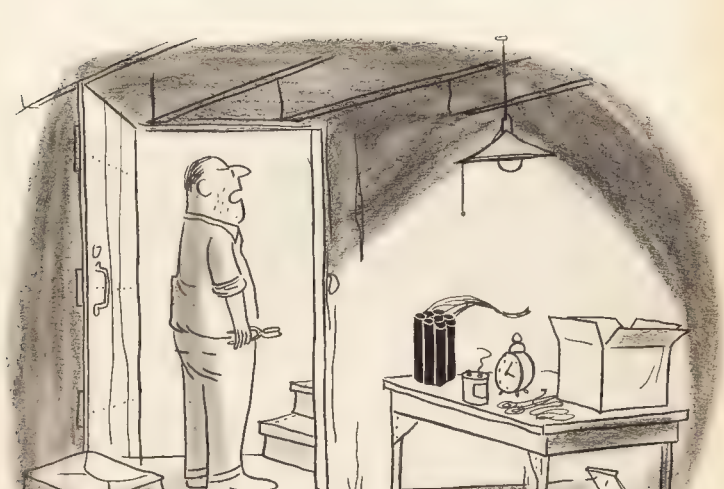
I say "Hello" gingerly, speaking through a linen handkerchief.

"Who is this?" a woman asks.

"Who is *this*?" I asked, raising my voice an octave, and we are off again.

There is probably some way out of it but I haven't discovered it yet. Anybody wants me and really loves me, just write me a letter will you?

—ROBERT FONTAINE



"Margie, precisely at what hour is it officially your mother's birthday?"

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233 SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

FOR LAUGHING OUT LOUD, published quarterly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1959

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Albert P. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Editor Bill Yates, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Managing editor, None Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is. (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, *Business Manager*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1959

[SEAL]

JOHN C. WEBER
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 66-8560250 Qualified in Westchester County Cert. filed in New York County.
Commission Expires March 30, 1960

"I never saw anyone so determined to get out of cleaning an attic!"

". . . and here's the latest official word from the U. S. Weather Bureau—HELP!"

■ Slowly, her eyes flowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised a glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me burp."

■ **One of the quickest ways to meet new people is to pick up the wrong ball on a golf course.**

■ A Scottish farmer fell into the well. Treading water vigorously, he shouted to his wife for help.

"Hold on!" she cried. "I'll call the workmen from the field."

"Wait a minute," he called. "What's the time?"

"Eleven-thirty."

"Then bide a wee. I'll swim roon' till their dinnertime."

■ **Two chorus cuties were talking it over between shows.**

"I've been out with hundreds of men and haven't let one make love to me."

"Oh," said her friend, "which one was that?"

■ "See what my friend sent me," boasted a beautiful receptionist. "An alligator purse, an alligator belt, and this lovely pair of alligator shoes."

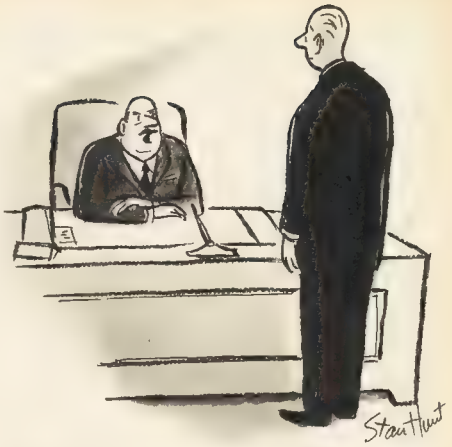
"Your friend must be a philanthropist," her friend said.

"Not at all," replied the receptionist. "He's an alligator."

■ **The average little boy uses soap as though it came out of his allowance.**

■ Professor: "What is your idea of a good life?"

Student: "Methuselah's age and Solomon's wives."



"Money brings no happiness, Wilker, and while I'm quite willing to increase your income, I am not willing to increase your unhappiness!"

". . . and for an additional $10, Sahib, I can have the curse taken off it."

SHORT LADDER

by Jerry Marcus.

"Which are the ones I'm not supposed to take away from anyone else?"

■ "Pop, why did the old-time Western Badmen try so hard to perfect a fast draw?"

"So that they could shoot the other fellow before he had time to apologize."

■ Little Johnny came home from school crying.

"Hey, Ma, all the boys are picking on me. They say I have a big head."

"You don't have a big head, Johnny. Now run along and play."

The same thing happened the next day and once more Johnny's mother comforted him. The fourth day Johnny came home with the same story.

"For once and for all, Johnny, you don't have a big head. Now please go downtown and get me ten pounds of potatoes."

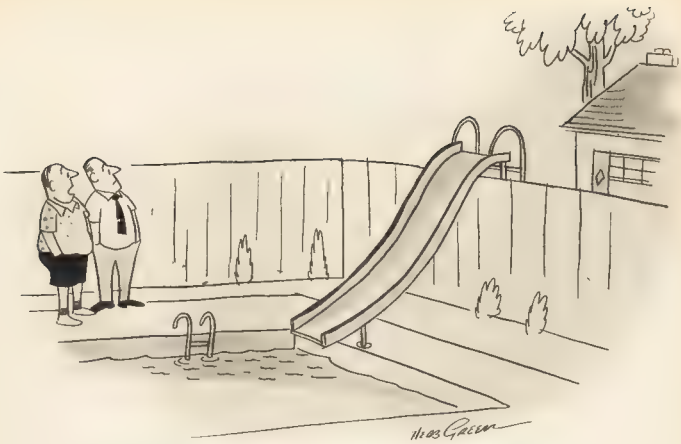
"O.K., Ma, give me a sack."

"Sack? What do you need a sack for? Use your cap."

■ **Jack Spratt could eat no fat**
His wife could eat no lean
Separate frozen dinners they buy
And each feels peachy keen.

■ Today's etiquette tip: It is not polite to break your bread or roll

"Isn't there a more scientific way to test new rocket fuels?"



"My mistake was in getting too chummy with the neighbors."

in your soup.

■ **Some men remind us of blisters—they don't appear till all the work is done.**

■ An Ava Gardnerish young beauty was watching drill one day. Suddenly a rifle volley rang out. With a surprised scream, the lovely young lady shrank back directly into the arms of a young private who was standing behind her. "Oh," she stammered with a blush, "I was so frightened by the rifles. Won't you please forgive me?"

"Not at all, not at all," spoke the quick-witted private. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

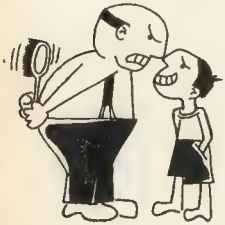
■ **Someone described a bachelor apartment as a place where you'll find a lot of unmatched earrings.**

■ **Bachelors are men who have nobody to share the cares they'd have if they were married.**

"I'm going next door for a minute. Keep your eye on the soup and stir it every half-hour."

"His first Carte Blanche, American Express, and Diner's Club statements arrived today."

REARING RULES



To be successful in rearing children, parents need only to follow a few simple but effective procedures:

1. Be firm. If you tell them to go to bed at 7 o'clock and they nag to see one more television program, tell them, "All right. Just one more."

2. Insist that the girls help mother with the dishes. If they refuse, do them yourself.

3. Don't take any saucy talk. If the children speak naughtily to you, speak naughtily right back to them.

4. Teach them the value of a dollar. If they demand a bigger allowance, get a second job.

5. Don't let them dictate to you. If you want to nap when they prod you to take them to the beach then take them to the beach and nap there.

6. Put your foot down. If they won't eat their vegetables, tell them they get no ice cream. If they insist on having ice cream, tell them, "Just one dish of it."

7. Assert yourself. If the youngsters put up a squabble about staying with a baby-sitter while you go to the movies, then send the baby-sitter to the movies and stay with the youngsters yourself.

8. Remind your children of their duties. If they refuse to run an errand for you, then maybe your wife will.

9. Teach them the importance of hard work. Whenever you have a difficult job to do, be sure they sit there watching you.

10. If your older son insists on taking the car nights you plan on using it, show him who's boss. Buy another car so you can have it whenever you want.

—HAROLD WINERIP

"You can put Mr. Chauncey Pottringham back on the critical list."

"I hear you're looking for a salesman who won't take NO for an answer!"

"It's the last word in rainwear."

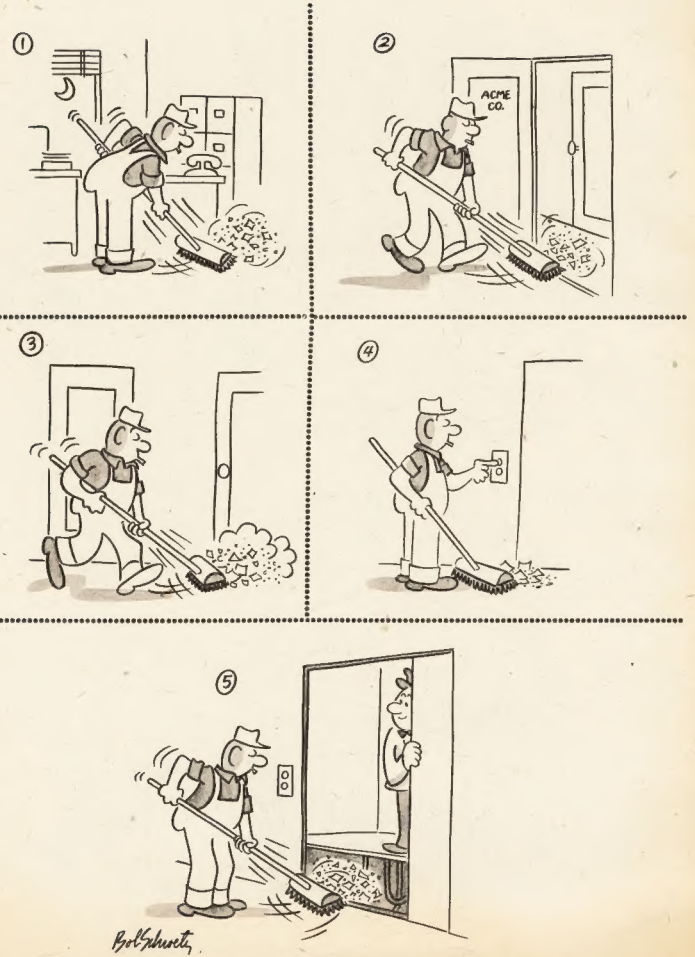
■ **"What does clarification mean?"**
"Clarification means to fill in the background with so many details that the foreground goes underground."

■ A farmer, wishing to increase his livestock, placed his sow in the wheelbarrow and trundled her to his neighbor's farm where he placed her in the pen with the friend's boar. Returning her to her own pen, he waited the prescribed time. When no additions appeared in her pen, he placed her in the wheelbarrow again and repeated the procedure. Still no success. After waiting the prescribed time after a third such episode, he asked his wife at the breakfast table if she had noticed any of the signs that they were looking for.

Looking out the window, she replied, "No, but she's back in the wheelbarrow."

"How come you're never the life of the party when there's just the two of us?"

"Quick! I need five hundred and sixty-three dollars!"


1
2
ACME CO.
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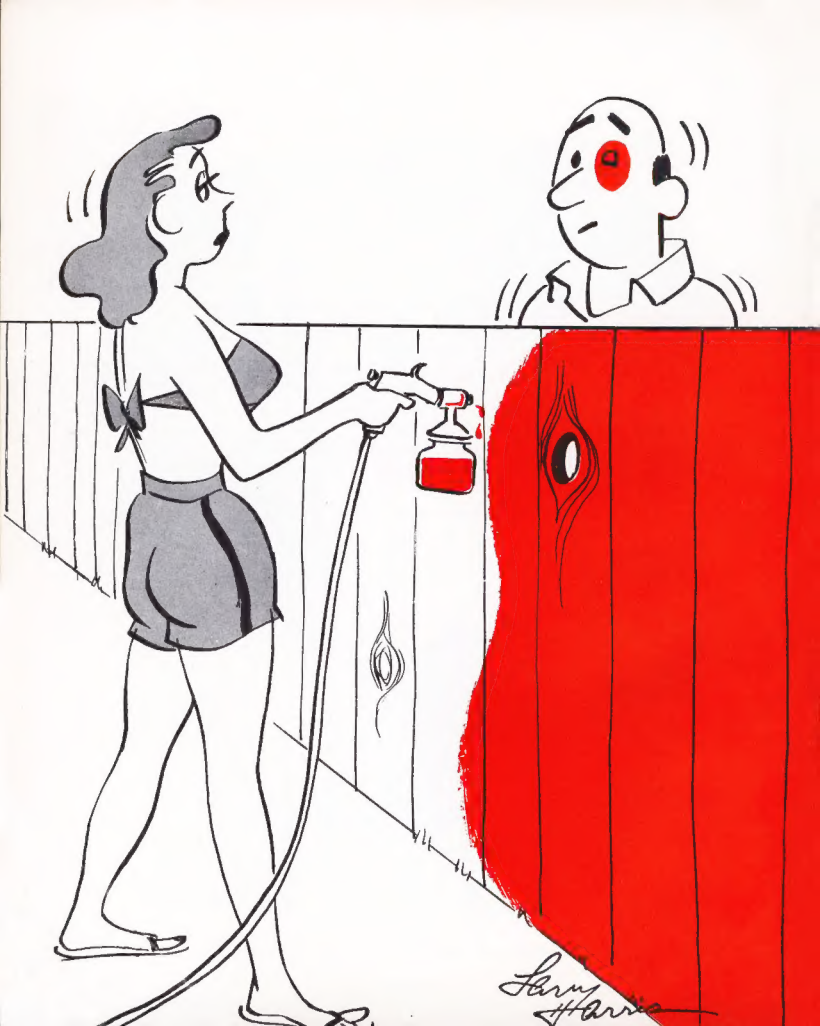
5
Bob Schuett

"You seem to be suffering from a feeling of insecurity."


Larry Harris